LAST OF A LINE OF KINGS

By FLORENCE MARGARET LEE

AMERICA has buried with royal honors her last prince of the realm. Honolulu has witnessed a funeral gorgeous in color and pageantry of ancient rite, combined with military and naval honors. The feathered kahilis and tabu stick, emblems of royalty, have been used for the last time.

Prince Kuhio Kalanianioli, affectionately known among his people as "Prince Cupid," has started on the last long trail. He was a descendant of the king of the Island of Kauai before it was conquered and merged in the kingdom of Kamehameha the Great. He was also a nephew of the late Queen Liliuokalani and King Kalakaua, who appointed him by proclamation a prince of the royal house.

Though he took part in the revolution of 1893 which caused the downfall of the Hawaiian monarchy and served a term of one year as a political prisoner in consequence, Kalanianioli in later years wholeheartedly accepted the change in government and was elected for ten consecutive terms as Delegate from Hawaii to Congress.

Well known in Washington as well as Honolulu, the well educated and widely traveled prince and princess were noted for their gracious and lavish entertaining as well as for their generosity. In the capital he was known as "the prince" or "Cupid," a name given him in childhood on account of his chubby, smiling face. "Kealii" Kuhio was lovingly called by the Hawaiians—those warm-hearted people so ready to laugh and to sing. Known to almost every man, woman and child in Hawaii, he was loved by all.

As he was simple in his tastes, it was his request to be cremated and to have his wife unceremoniously carry his ashes to their final resting place, but this was not to be. The desire of the people was to accord royal honors and to publicly show their respect and devotion to their last and beloved alii (prince).

It was midnight of January 14. The time approached when the body of the prince was to be moved from old Kawaiahao Church, where it had lain in state, to Iolani Palace. The scene was an impressive one. American troops formed a solid passageway for the mile which intervened between the two edifices through which the procession was to pass.

Silently the group moved, lighted by torches of the ancient type, preceded by the Hawaiian warriors, the chiefs, who were to be pallbearers. The feathered kahili sticks, denoting the presence of royalty, were borne aloft. Peacefully the tropic moon shone upon this semi-barbaric scene, mingling its soft glow with the brilliant lights thrown upon the ahuula (royal feather cape) draped casket as the motion picture cameras recorded this never-to-be-repeated scene.

Up the palace steps, straight into the throne-room, the casket was borne. There, in the shadow of the empty throne which might have been his, the body of the prince was received by the Governor of the territory, high naval and army officials as well as Hawaiian princesses.

All through the night Kuhio's people showed their devotion to their lost alii by standing silent watches. Fraternal orders to which he belonged, societies that had benefited by his generosity, officials, friends and relatives formed the watches, which changed silently and often that all might be represented.

Finally dawn. The sun rose upon one of those perfect, cloudless days, when the deep azure blue of the heavens melts into the ocean in an indistinguishable line.

Fifty thousand people thronged Honolulu's streets. It was nearing 10 o'clock; around the palace all was activity and vivid splashes of color. Uncle Sam's troops, naval, marine, infantry, machine gun artillery, all were assembling. Overhead five army planes were circling in United States formation, paying the tribute of the air forces to the departed prince. Hawaiian societies, orders of the ancient regime, wearing brilliant yellow and red feather helmets and capes or wreaths and necklaces of flowers, were all massing outside, ready to take their places in the procession. Flowers in profusion had been pouring in all the morning, the typical flowers of the islands—royal orange lima, red lehua blossoms of the big island and fragrant green maile intermingled with violets, roses, forget-me-nots and the brilliant poppies of California. For the prince was a lover of flowers.

Inside the throne room the dignitaries of the island assembled—Governor, admiral, general, Hawaiian chiefs in feathered capes and helmets and the widowed princess clad in pure white.

Amid this barbaric splendor, with symbols of ancient paganism, appeared the Cross. Reverently the bishop read the Episcopal service. "Lead, Kindly Light," floated from the choir upward to join in the whirr of the airplanes, and so on through that beautifully impressive ritual. "Peace, perfect peace," chanted the choir at the end, and the last march was begun.

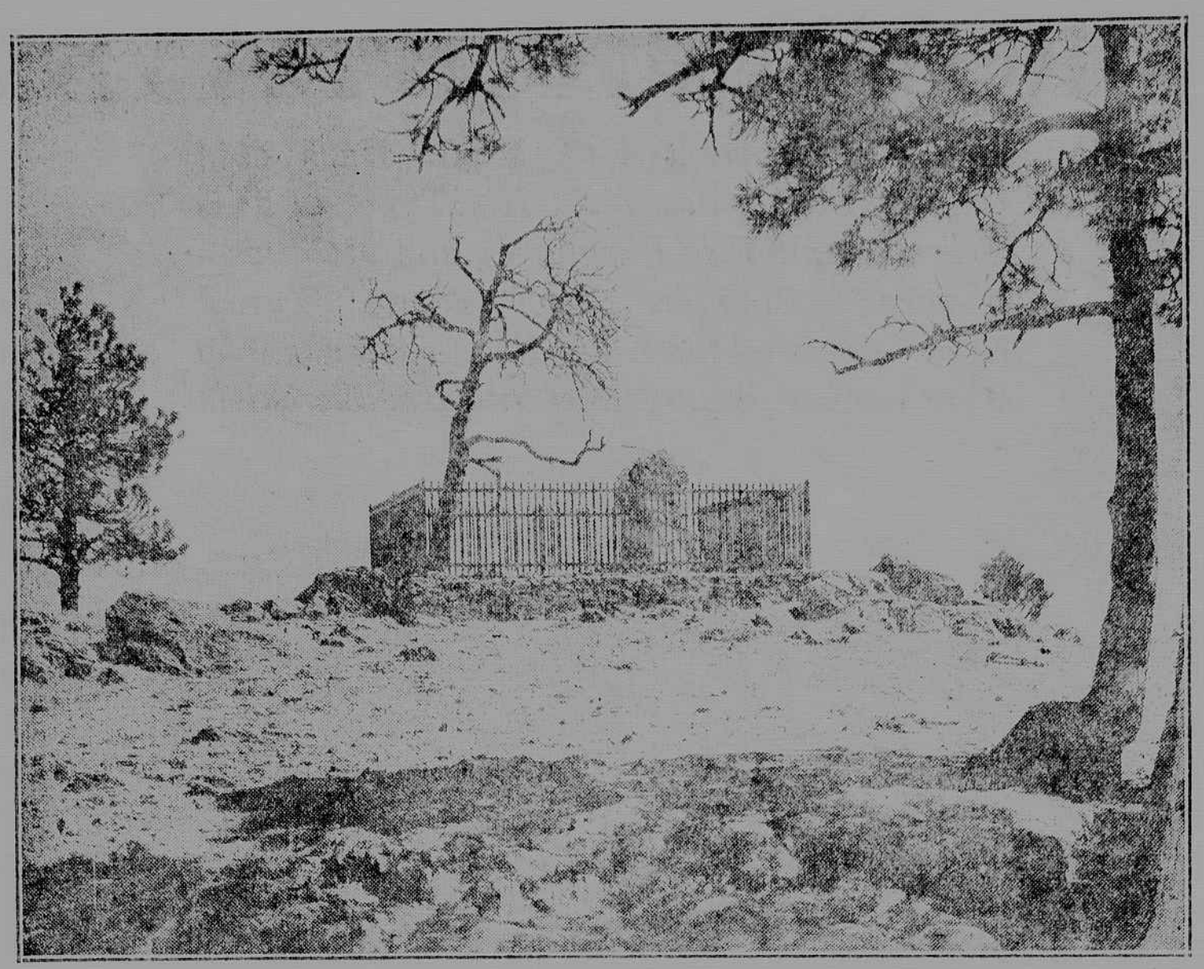
Slowly through the city, up into beautiful Nuanu Valley, passed this colorful funeral cortege, three miles to the royal cemetery. Sentinels at the gates had kept back thousands of onlookers; now the portals were thrown wide and the pooles slowly drew the catafalque to its final resting place in the royal crypt.

Everywhere there was a riot of color, conventional dress mingled with barbaric insignia, flowers massed in prodigal profusion. The high-pitched wailing death chant of an old Hawaiian woman was caught and echoed in traditional form by a few ancient subjects. When the last words were pronounced by the bishop and the last gun fired from Punchbowl Hill reverently the casket was borne down into the crypt and Hawaii had paid its final tribute to its last alii.

"Aloha-oe"—"Farewell to thee" played the band softly, that dearest of all songs to the Hawaiian people, a farewell, it seemed, from Queen Liliuokalani, its composer, to the last of her line. Never before had such an island funeral been witnessed and never will it be again. The Hawaiian monarchy has passed for all time.

THE GRAVE OF BUFFALO BILL

By JOHN A. CHAPMAN



BELOW the high crest of Lookout Mountain, in the foothills west of Denver, has been gathered around the grave of Buffalo Bill Cody all that was dear to that famous plainsman. A few paces down the slope of the eminence from which the Colonel's grave overlooks a limitless stretch of Colorado plains stands a newly-erected memorial building, built by the City of Denver and conducted by Johnny Baker, foster-son and companion of Cody, in which are priceless relics from the life of this idol of the West. Beside the body of Pahaska, as he was known to his Indian friends, now rests that of his wife, Louisa M. Cody, who died last October in Wyoming.

America remembers Buffalo Bill more, perhaps, than any other of the picturesque figures whose romantic deeds are linked with the frontier. America flocked to see Colonel Cody when, in the later but no less active years of his life, he traveled over the country with his Wild West show. Now that he is dead, America goes to his grave, there to pay homage which once was given under big canvas tops, to the tune of the Colonel's sharp-spoken rifle. According to figures just compiled by the City of Denver, 200,000 people motored over the Lariat Trail from the little foothill town of Golden to this grave last summer.

Pahaska Tepee, the artistic memorial building built of logs by the people of Denver, contains the articles with which the name of William Frederick Cody was so boldly written across the pages of romance. Visitors there may see the knife with which the frontiersman won victory over Yellow Hand, a Sioux chief, following the Custer massacre. It was a melodramatic encounter between the forces of white men and red, in which the Indian leader, Yellow Hand, challenged the scout to defend his blond, curly hair in single-handed combat. The scout's defense was impregnable. Beside the knife in the museum hangs the scalp of Yellow Hand.

In a corner of the museum, among a collection of firearms by which one may trace the development of armament in the early West, is to be found Lucretia Borgia, the long rifle with which Cody, by killing 4,000 buffaloes in one year for the Union Pacific Railroad, earned the sobriquet of Buffalo Bill. Each of the scores of articles preserved in the cases and on the walls of the rustic room has its own romantic tale, which Johnny Baker relates to groups of visitors. There is the head of the first buffalo Cody killed. There are many of the guns, saddles, bags and trophies which were a part of Cody's life as a scout, prospector, Indian fighter and master showman. There are gifts alike from the royalty of Europe, bequested when the Colonel's show was abroad, and from Indians—medals and autographs, beaded vests and headdresses, the rifle used by Sitting Bull in the battle of the Little Big Horn, and weapons taken from other Indians in divers plains battles. One also may find many of the best paintings of Colonel Cody and the paintings of frontier life done at the direction of Cody himself by noted artists. Much of the collection was the private one of Louisa Cody, given during her life to the memorial building.

Fittingly, the museum is supervised by Johnny Baker. Little Johnny, when he was seven years old, succumbed to the magnetism of Buffalo Bill, who was the high god of romance to not only Johnny but every boy, old or young, in the country. Johnny, who was living at the time in North Platte, a Nebraska town near the Colorado border which saw stirring adventure in the frontier days, joined the Wild West troupe. Cody brought him up. The steadiness of hand and keenness of eye of the veteran Westerner were imparted to young Baker, who became world's champion shotgun and rifle shot. Until the disintegration of the Wild West show, which occurred not long before Cody's death, Baker rode and shot with his adopted father, and attended to much of the business connected with the travels of the company to all parts of the world.

Pahaska Tepee was opened to tourists last Memorial Day. The thousands who had climbed to the summit of Lookout Mountain to visit the rough granite grave ever since, in 1917, the body of the Colonel was taken from its bier of state in the Capitol building in Denver, increased manyfold in number, until a day's attendance of 5,000 became common. One may sit at sunset on the wide veranda at the eastern end of the building and enjoy an excellent dinner with an appreciation sharpened by the inspiring view which is ever spread out in the clear Colorado atmosphere. From the dining tables one may see the spot where, in 1861, Cody did his first placer mining. Almost below the veranda is the historic mining town of Golden.

With field glasses one may look across eastern Colorado into Wyoming and nearly to Nebraska and Kansas. Fifteen miles away gleams the gilded dome of the Capitol in Denver, and at night may be seen a moving stream of automobile headlights winding along a concrete highway from Denver to Golden and up the granite smoothness of the Lariat Trail.

As the visitor enters the museum he seats himself at an old-fashioned escritoire once used by Cody and there he enters his name in a register and writes a postcard to the folks at home. From June 17 to November 1, 70,586 people signed the register. They came from every state, from Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines and forty foreign countries. One woman after registering her name made the notation that she had first read of the Cody Museum when she was eleven miles within the Arctic Circle. Colorado led the list, with 32,000 registered visitors.

The museum occupies the plainsward wing of the memorial building. In the opposite wing is a rustic dining room, operated under concession from the City of Denver and under direct municipal supervision. The visitor, if he is "in the know," will search for Johnny Baker, for Baker, who chooses to remain in the background or, at most, impersonally to lecture on the trophies, is as much of the museum, as intimately connected with the life of the man it seeks to commemorate, as Yellow Hand's scalp and the Colonel's silver-trapped saddles.

Cody used to seek his audiences. The big cities and Europe were his regular rounds, and many are the small Western towns where he and his company stopped, even if it was only for a day, to enable the Colonel to spend a few hours with some old friend who knew him as an army scout or rifleman on the Union Pacific. Now the audiences and friends come to Colonel Cody. The boys who in days gone by heard Cody's friendly message of clean, upright living have not forgotten their admiration. Grown men, standing close to the grave on Lookout Mountain, throw calling cards on the broken rocks and say, unabashed: "Well, here we are, Bill."

To-Day Is Buffalo Bill's Birthday

TO-DAY is Buffalo Bill's birthday. No encyclopedia lists the date, back in 1846, when the last of the picturesque frontier scouts was born out in Iowa. But February 26 is accepted by his few living descendants and acknowledged by the State of Wyoming, which to-day announces plans for erecting at the ranch home of Cody a memorial statue, modeled by Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. The man who made a name for himself furnishing buffalo meat to the laborers constructing the Kansas Pacific Railroad across the wilderness will stand in granite at the other end of the trail.

FROM A FAR COUNTRY

By FREDERIC BOUTET

Translated by W. L. McPherson

"TOTO, will you keep quiet while I am washing you? And you, Jules, hold your little sister carefully, or I'll settle with you. That's all I have to say. Louise, put on your stockings. Don't stand on the floor in your bare feet, or I'll box your ears. And your father isn't up yet. He's going to be late again, that's sure."

Dropping for the moment the morning toilet of her five children, Mme. Arsin rushed into the second bedroom of her humble apartment. In a bed, with the covers in disorder, lay a tall, thin man, with hollow cheeks and a gray, ish beard.

"Well," he said, "what time is it?"

Red and slovenly, her face in a perspiration, her hands on her hips, looking enormous in her faded wrapper, his wife pelted him with abuse.

"Not up yet! Monsieur is taking it easy. I've been up for two hours. What time is it? It's so late that you'll be late for work."

He got up without a word and put on the threadbare clothes. She went on:

"This is no time to loaf in bed. You know that you ought to get a little bonus at the end of the month. If you keep on being late you will never get it. Then how are we going to make ends meet? Even now I don't see how I can get through the month. Louise and Toto have no shoes to wear. The cobbler downstairs isn't willing to mend the ones they have. He says there is nothing left to mend. They can't go barefooted. I haven't any shoes either. For two months I have been waiting to buy a pair. I'm walking around in old slippers. This can't go on much longer. There's the apothecary with his bill. And Cécile is still coughing. She needs some syrup. No; this isn't any time to take things easy. Hurry up! Swallow your breakfast and run. Here is your bread and sausage for lunch. If, after you've eaten it, you'll go without coffee, I shall be pleased. Take a walk in the noon hour, and if you are thirsty drink out of a fountain. That will be good for you. Come, hurry up and get out!"

Arsin walked to the bank where he was employed, through streets crowded with people going to work. It was a prosperous commercial city. He had lived there for six years, and every morning he took the same route. This morning he thought of his monotonous and restricted life. He thought of it with disgust untempered by hope. The past, the time when he was young, when he had had money, when he had had ambition, seemed immeasurably far away. It was like the memory of some other self. He had lost everything—his youth in capricious ventures without result or in wasteful idleness; his money in foolish pleasures and extravagant indulgences; his ambition through a succession of failures. He thought of the wife whom he had rashly married and who had neither fortune nor education. How pretty she had been and how she had changed! How strange and unbearable she had become, more so every year, during their life together! And he thought with horror of their poverty, decent at first, masked by the remnants of his own small fortune; then sordid, tragic and torturing, until one day a rich relative, who had come to Paris on business, had offered him in this provincial city a petty employment which barely kept the wolf from the door.

He entered the bank. As he reached the office room where he worked the assistant manager's door opened.

"Is that you, Arsin?" said this important personage. "I was waiting for you. Valois, the collector, is sick and the chief has given orders that you are to take his place to-day. The work is very heavy because it is the last day of the month. Come in and I'll explain to you what you are to do."

Arsin listened indifferently to the instructions. Doing one thing or another was all the same to him. A quarter of an hour later he left the bank, armed with a large portfolio.

Hours passed. Arsin was getting tired. The bundles of currency and the coin which he had collected made the portfolio bulge.

"I must have a hundred thousand francs," he said to himself.

He thought that possibly he had even more. He went to the last address on the list, received another twelve thousand francs, and his task was finished. He was ahead of time and now walked very slowly. Suddenly a thought made him tremble and turn pale. He took a few steps and breathed hard. He saw that he was near a railroad station. He sat down on a bench just outside it.

"It is easy," he murmured to himself. "Yes, it is very easy. I can buy a raincoat and a cap and shave off my beard. In the next city I can get new clothes and have my hair dyed. Passports—I'll get them some way. I will send word to the bank that I am delayed and to my wife that I have to work this evening. And this evening I shall be far away. There is a train within an hour. I have enough to make a fortune. It is already a small fortune—enough to live on; to live again a little in the years before I get old, to live in freedom, far away."

He made a movement as if he were going to get up; but he checked himself. Bending forward on the bench and over the swollen portfolio, which was pressed against his body, he sat there, his head in his hands, without knowing how long. Finally he lifted a scarred face, older than ever, and said, hoarsely:

"I can't do it."

He returned to the bank, deposited the money and went home.

"I have the syrup for the little one," cried Mme. Arsin, red faced and slatternly, still busy with the children. "As for the shoes, I have found a way out. I shall wait, and Louise and Toto can have theirs. Jules, I am going to box your ears if you hold your little sister that way. Come! Dinner is ready."

She put the soup on the table. Becoming suddenly irritated, she turned on her husband.

"You came back at a nice hour. What were you doing? You lead a pleasant life."

CHINA IS RIPE FOR AMERICAN IDEAS

CHINA is associated in the minds of many Americans with the thought of poverty and famine. Eighty per cent of the Chinese people are very poor. You often see a man or woman in a Chinese city going home from the market with a little strip of meat, something like a single stalk of celery and some vegetable about the size of a carrot. He has a grass string tied around it and the string wrapped around his finger. He takes this home; it is cut up and mixed with rice and constitutes the family meal for the day. The sight of underfed men, women and children is everywhere in China. A crop shortage in any section means added suffering and famine.

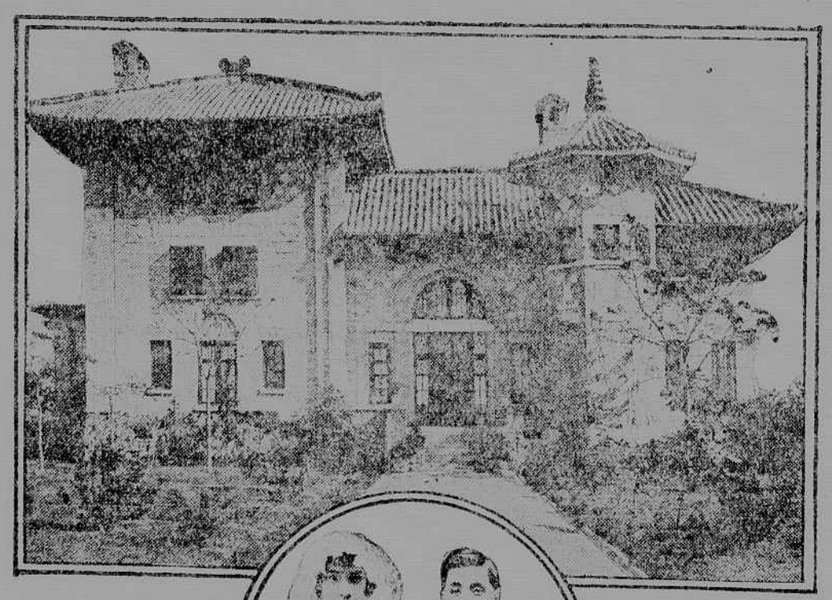
But the Chinese are not all poor. The economic wealth of China is rising rapidly, and there are an increasing number of wealthy Chinese. Contrary to popular opinion in America, the well-to-do Chinese live very well. They put much more time, thought and money into their food than do Americans of a corresponding class. A Chinese feast is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." It has from eighteen to thirty-five courses. The food is rich and highly seasoned. While they do not have a "feast" every day, the fact will indicate that they are not all starving.

China is potentially one of the richest countries in the world. There are parts of China where they raise four crops a year. There are vast stretches of country in China that could be used for grazing that now is not being utilized. And the mineral wealth of China has captivated the imagination not only of America, but of the world. When China has modern agriculture to get the most out of the soil, has modern engineering to develop her latent resources and modern industry to employ her people profitably, she will be able not only to feed her own great population, but also to help feed the world.

Napoleon, speaking of China, said: "The giant sleeps; let it sleep." But materially China is no longer asleep. The giant is stirring. There are many indications of a new economic and industrial era. For instance, you find in China to-day modern, one-price department stores. The Sun Company store at Canton owns and occupies a concrete building nine stories high covering a quarter of a city block. It has a restaurant and theater on the roof, it sells both Chinese and foreign goods and does normally more than $10,000 worth of business a day. The sincere Department Store Company has large stores in Hongkong, Shanghai and Canton. The first Chinese port at which you stop in going to China from America is Shanghai. You leave the large boat at the mouth of the river and go eight or ten miles up the river to the city in a smaller boat. The trip up the river gives a vivid idea of the change. If you had made that trip a dozen years ago you would have seen little that was modern, but to-day you pass first the Shanghai College, a lumber yard, a coal yard, an iron foundry, a number of cotton mills and a larger number of silk mills.

Many forces are making toward the modernization of China. Chinese students trained in America, many of whom have returned to their own country, have exerted a great influence. An even greater influence is being exerted by the young men and women who are being trained in American schools in China, of which there are many. For instance, it would be impossible to estimate the value in the direction of sanitation and health of the great medical school under the China Medical Board of the Rockefeller Foundation located at Peking. Typical of the American colleges in China is the one at Canton, which is chartered under the Board of Regents of the State of New York. With some 1,200 students resident on its campus and with graduates of the best American colleges and universities on its faculty it is training leaders in education, agriculture, business and engineering. These young men are going out with modern training and with the best American ideals. They are the hope of the new day in China.

Thursday night next at Delmonico's a dinner will be given to Dr. Charles K. Edmonds, president of Canton College. Dr. Edmonds traveled 45,000 miles through China and Mongolia as observer in charge of the magnetic survey arranged by the Carnegie Institute of Washington. He will speak on the commercial and educational relations of China and the United States. Dr. Stephen P. Duggan, director of the Carnegie International Educational Institute of Columbia, will preside at the dinner.



Combination of Chinese elements of architecture with modern construction. Home of the Vice-President of Canton College, gift of Mrs. T. B. Blackstone, of Chicago. The cost in United States currency was $7,500

A Chinese bride and bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. Au, of Hongkong. Note the jaunty tilt of Mr. Au's silk hat. Does East meet West? It does